



DETECTIVE

COMICS

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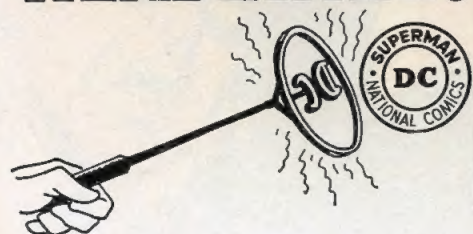


COMING YOUR WAY--A NEW DC BRAND

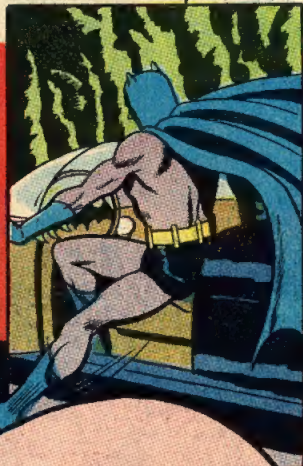


A BRAND NEW FLASH YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE!

BRAND NEW AS TOMORROW'S HEADLINES!



BATMAN *HUNTED* OR *HAUNTED?*



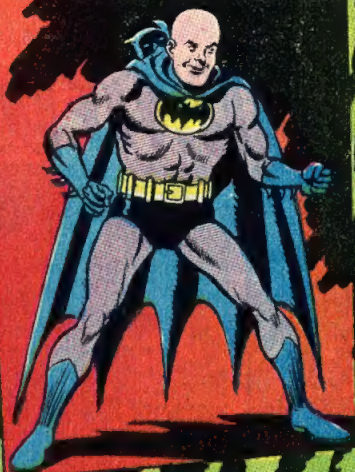
WHO

IS THIS BATMAN-IMPOSTOR--SMILING WITH THE INNER SATISFACTION OF A JOB WELL DONE???

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EYES SPARKLE AS THEY GAZE UPON THE EAGER FACES OF--OTHER BATMEN!...

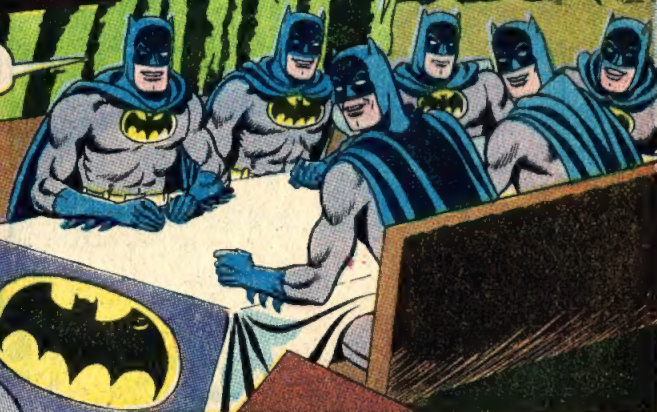


IS THERE...

WAS THERE...

REALLY A BATMAN?

WELL, **TOMAS**? WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ON YOUR JOURNEY?



WHY HAVE THESE "CAPED CRUSADERS" CONVENED IN THE "BATCAVE"? LET US FOCUS IN ON THE PLAQUE DISPLAYED ON THE WALL...

BE IT KNOWN BY ALL EARTHMEN, THAT--
WHEREAS THE CIVILIZATIONS AND
HISTORICAL RECORDS OF OUR PLANET
UP TO THE MID-22ND CENTURY
OLD-TIME RECKONING, WERE
DESTROYED BY THE NULL-NUCLEAR
WAR--
WHEREAS ONLY BY WORD OF MOUTH
HAS ANY INFORMATION OF THOSE EARLIER
TIMES COME DOWN TO US, AND--
WHEREAS WE FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT THERE
DID ACTUALLY LIVE DURING THE 20TH
CENTURY THE GREATEST DETECTIVE
THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN, **BATMAN!**--
NOW THEREFORE, WE OF THE YEAR 543
AFTER DESTRUCT-DAY HAVE ORGANIZED
OURSELVES AS THE **BATMANIACS**, OUR
PURPOSE BEING TO PROVE **BATMAN**
WAS MAN-- NOT MYTH...

FELLOW-BATMANIACS, EVER SINCE YOU ELECTED ME YOUR CHAIRMAN, I'VE DEVOTED MY SCIENTIFIC SKILLS TO SETTLING THE TRUTH ABOUT **BATMAN**...

THE BREAKTHROUGH CAME WITH MY DISCOVERY OF **CHRONOPLAST**-- A REMARKABLE NEW SUBSTANCE CREATED BY THE FALLOUT AFTER THE **NULL-NUCLEAR WAR**...

"REFINING **CHRONOPLAST**, I FOUND I COULD POWER A TIME-VEHICLE INTO THE PAST..."

I HAVE JUST ENOUGH **CHRONOPLAST** FOR ONE BRIEF TIME-TRIP! MY DESTINATION WILL BE THE SITE OF **GOTHAM CITY**, IN THE YEAR 1968 A.D....

"SUITABLY DRESSING MYSELF IN A **BATMAN** COSTUME, I JOURNEYED BACK THROUGH HISTORY-FORGOTTEN CENTURIES..."

ALTHOUGH TO THE PEOPLE OF THE PAST I'LL BE INVISIBLE, I WILL BE ABLE TO SEE AND HEAR EVERYTHING THAT TAKES PLACE AROUND ME...

"TIME BEING AT A PREMIUM, I EXPENDED ONLY A FEW MINUTES AFTER MY ARRIVAL IN **GOTHAM CITY** TO LOCATE MY QUARRY..."

BATMAN! ROBIN! JUST THE ONES I WANT TO SEE!

WHY-- ANYTHING WRONG, COMMISSIONER GORDON?

I'VE JUST BEEN ROBBED OF SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS I WAS BRINGING TO THE **FBI**-- TO BE USED AGAINST AN INTERNATIONAL SMUGGLER NAMED **HARVE PELLEY**!

"MY HEART HAMMERED, MY EYES POPPED WIDE AS I SAW **BATMAN**-- A LEGEND COME TO LIFE!..."

WHAT'S TERRIBLY "WRONG" IS-- THAT THERE WAS NO POSSIBLE WAY FOR ME TO HAVE BEEN ROBBED!

TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED AND LET ME BE THE JUDGE--

"SUDDENLY, A STRANGE LOOK FILMED THE FACE OF THE **CAPED CRUSADER** (AS I LEARNED HE WAS ALSO KNOWN TO **GOTHAM CITY** IN THOSE DAYS)..."

BATMAN-- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

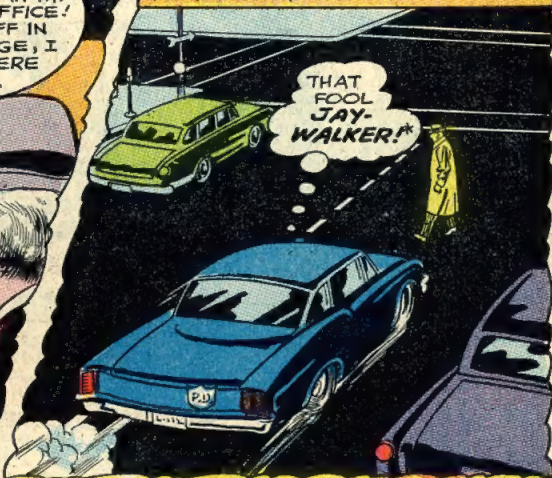
FOR AN INSTANT I THOUGHT I SAW-- BUT NO, IT WAS AN ILLUSION CAUSED BY THE STREET-LIGHT... NOW TELL ME THE ROBBERY DETAILS, COMMISSIONER...

"I WAS GRATIFIED TO SEE THAT **BATMAN** HAD A YOUNG ASSISTANT--**ROBIN**. OUR LEGENDS VAGUELY HINTED AT SUCH A **BOY WONDER**..."

I PERSONALLY PUT THOSE PAPERS IN MY BRIEF-CASE BEFORE LEAVING THE OFFICE! ONCE AGAIN-- BEFORE DRIVING OFF IN MY CAR FROM THE SERVICE GARAGE, I DOUBLE-CHECKED THEM! THEY WERE STILL SAFELY IN MY BRIEF-CASE...



"WHILE TAKING A SHORTCUT TO THE **FBI** BUILDING THROUGH AN ALL-NIGHT INDUSTRIAL AREA, A MAN STEPPED OFF A CURB DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF MY CAR!..."



"*EVIDENTLY A COLLOQUIAL WORD OF THE TIME DENOTING A PEDESTRIAN THAT CROSSES A STREET IN A HEEDLESS--OR ILLEGAL--MANNER."

"INSTINCTIVELY, I BRAKED AND BLEW THE HORN..."

HE COULD GET HIMSELF KILLED DOING THAT!



"WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A LOOK AT ME, THE JAY-WALKER UNCONCERNEDLY CROSSED THE STREET, GOT INTO HIS PARKED CAR AND DROVE OFF..."

IF I WEREN'T IN SUCH A HURRY, I'D GO AFTER HIM-- PERSONALLY HAND HIM A SUMMONS...



"THREE BLOCKS FURTHER ON, I STOPPED FOR A RED LIGHT-- WHEN I NOTICED TO MY UTTER STUPEFACTION!"

EH?! MY BRIEF-CASE-- GONE!?

H-HOW COULD ANYBODY HAVE GOTTEN IN HERE TO TAKE IT? MY CAR IS COMPLETELY LOCKED!



"AS POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON FINISHED HIS STORY--I CONFESS I TOO WAS **STUMPED!**"

FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, COMMISSIONER--
THE MAN WHO STOLE YOUR BRIEF-CASE
HAD TO BE THAT **JAYWALKER!**

Y-YOU'RE JUST GUESSING, **BATMAN--**
AND GUESSING WRONG!

MY EYES WERE
GLUED ON HIM EVERY
MOMENT UNTIL HE
DROVE OFF--**EMPTY-
HANDED!** NO--HE'S
GOT TO BE RULED
OUT AS THE THIEF!



"MY MIND FLOATED IN A SEA
OF DOUBT! COULD THIS BE
THE **WORLD'S GREATEST
DETECTIVE**-- MAKING SUCH
AN UNWARRANTED DEDUCTION?
EVEN HIS YOUTHFUL COMPANION
SEEMED DISTURBED..."

GOSH, **BATMAN--** BUT DID HE
SINCE THE
COMMISSIONER
SAID HE SAW--
SEE **EVERY-
THING, ROBIN?**

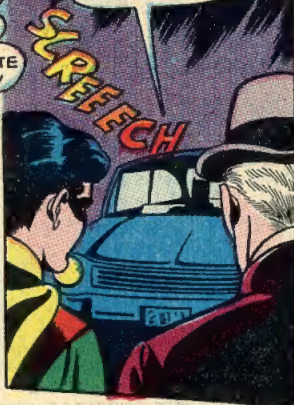
TAKE ME TO YOUR
CAR, COMMISSIONER!
I'M GOING TO DUPLICATE
YOUR ACTIONS--SHOW
YOU WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED!



"PLACING HIMSELF BEHIND
THE WHEEL OF GORDON'S
CAR..."

I "SEE" A MAN
STEPPING IN FRONT OF
THE CAR--

I SIMULTANEOUSLY HIT THE
BRAKE WITH MY FOOT--
THE HORN WITH MY
HAND--



"THE SULTRY SPRING NIGHT
ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED
WITH THE BLATANT BLARING
OF THAT HORN..."

WHAT IN THE
WORLD IS
WRONG WITH
BATMAN?

HE'S GONE
INTO A
TRANCE!
HE HEARS
NOTHING--
SEES NOTHING!

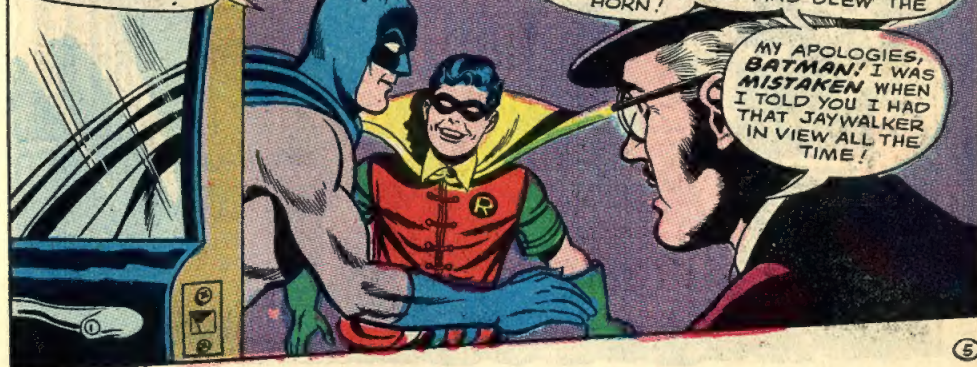


"WITHIN SECONDS, **BATMAN** RELAXED AND..."

WELL, COMMISSIONER?
ANYTHING UNUSUAL
HAPPEN?

YOU WERE **ROOTED** TO THAT WHEEL
FOR A FULL SEVEN SECONDS-- JUST
AS I MUST HAVE BEEN WHEN I
BRAKED THE CAR AND BLEW THE
HORN!

MY APOLOGIES,
BATMAN! I WAS
MISTAKEN WHEN
I TOLD YOU I HAD
THAT **JAYWALKER**
IN VIEW ALL THE
TIME!



"HOW I MARVELED AT THE DEDUCTIVE POWERS OF THIS MAN WHICH LEAD HIM TO SUCH CORRECT CONCLUSIONS..."

AND DURING THAT BRIEF TIME I WAS "OUT OF THIS WORLD"--

-- THE JAYWALKER UNLOCKED YOUR CAR-- REMOVED YOUR BRIEF-CASE -- AND CONTINUED ON HIS WAY JUST AS YOU LAST SAW HIM!

TO HAVE A KEY MADE TO UNLOCK YOUR CAR--TO HAVE GIMMICKED IT UP TO "PARALYZE" YOU WHEN YOU BRAKED IT AND BLEW THE HORN-- HE MUST HAVE HAD ACCESS TO YOUR CAR FOR SOME TIME!

WHICH MEANS HE WORKED IN THE GARAGE THAT SERVICES YOUR CAR!

MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE JAYWALKER WERE AROUSED WHEN YOU TOLD ME HE WORE A **TOPCOAT**-- ON A SULTRY NIGHT LIKE THIS! HE **HAD** TO-- TO CONCEAL YOUR BRIEF-CASE UNDER THE COAT WHILE WALKING TO HIS CAR!

NOW THINK, COMMISSIONER! WHAT WAS THE **COLOR** OF HIS CAR-- ITS **MAKE**-- ITS **LICENSE PLATE**?

I-- I WAS TOO UPSET TO NOTICE...

I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF-- ME, THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE!

YOU CAN STILL HELP, SIR-- BY TAKING ME TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME-- WHERE I EXPECT TO FIND A **CLUE** TO THE IDENTITY OF THE CRIMINAL!

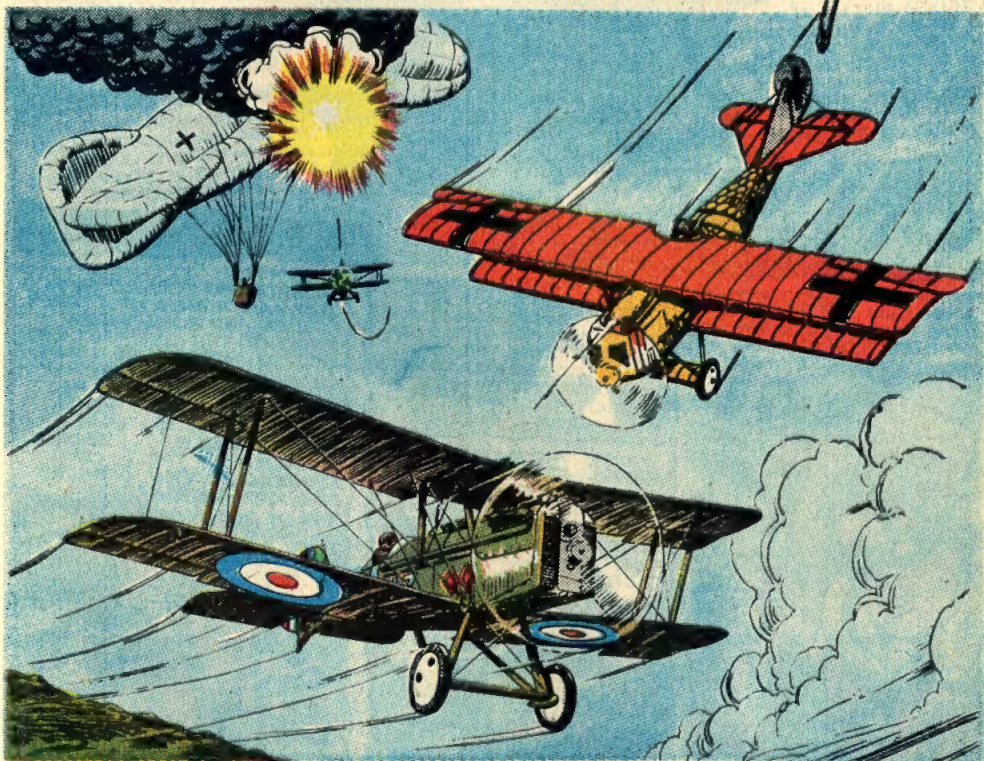
"THOUGH I WRACKED MY BRAINS, I HADN'T THE FOGGIST NOTION OF WHAT CLUE **BATMAN** SO CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED TO FIND..."

THIS IS THE SPOT! THERE ARE MY BRAKED-TIRE MARKS...

IF THAT'S YOUR CLUE, **BATMAN**-- I DON'T SEE--

OH, YOU CAN'T SEE **MY CLUE, ROBIN**-- THE ONE I'M AFTER IS **HIDDEN**!

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(above right) FOKKER D-7 wingspan, 18½"

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BATMAN DOESN'T
MEAN A REAL
CLUE, ROBIN--
JUST SOME SORT
OF PSYCHOLOGICAL
ONE--

ON THE CONTRARY, COMMISSIONER--THE CLUE IS
AS REAL AS THE JAYWALKER'S FINGERPRINTS!

WHAT?! BUT
THE MAN
WORE GLOVES!

TRUE--BUT HE ALSO
HAD TO PARK HIS CAR
HERE WHILE WAITING
FOR THE COMMISSIONER!
THIS IS AN ALL-NIGHT
INDUSTRIAL AREA--
WITH 24-HOUR
PARKING METERS!

TO GET THE COIN OUT OF HIS
POCKET AND INSERT IT IN
THE METER, HE'D HAVE TO
REMOVE A GLOVE!

COMMISSIONER, HAVE THIS
METER OPENED! THE LAST
COIN IN HERE WILL BE THE
ONE WITH THE JAYWALKER'S
FINGERPRINTS!

24 HR.
PARKING

I SHOULD
HAVE THOUGHT
OF THAT!

BATMAN,
YOU MAKE
IT SOUND SO
SIMPLE!

"I CROWDED ABOUT WITH
THE OTHERS (INVISIBLE, UN-
HEARD, AND INTANGIBLE, OF
COURSE) AFTER THE COIN
WAS REMOVED AND BATMAN
EXAMINED IT WITH HIS
SPECIAL FINGERPRINT
EQUIPMENT..."

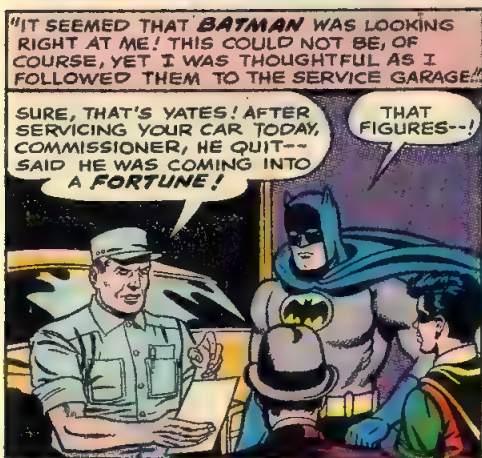
WHAT'S THE MATTER,
BATMAN? YOU KEEP
GLANCING OVER YOUR
SHOULDER AS IF SOME-
BODY WERE KIBITZING
YOUR EVERY MOVE!
THERE'S NO ONE
THERE...

OF...
COURSE...
NOT...
ROBIN...

"I SHOUTED FOR JOY WHEN
BATMAN TURNED UP A FRESH
THUMB AND FOREFINGER
PRINT ON THE COIN! BUT, OF
COURSE, NOBODY HEARD ME..."

WE'LL CHECK
THESE PRINTS
AGAINST THOSE
ON FILE WITH THE
FEDERAL BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION!

I EXPECT
THEY'LL
HAVE A
RECORD
OF
THEM!



APRIL, 1968

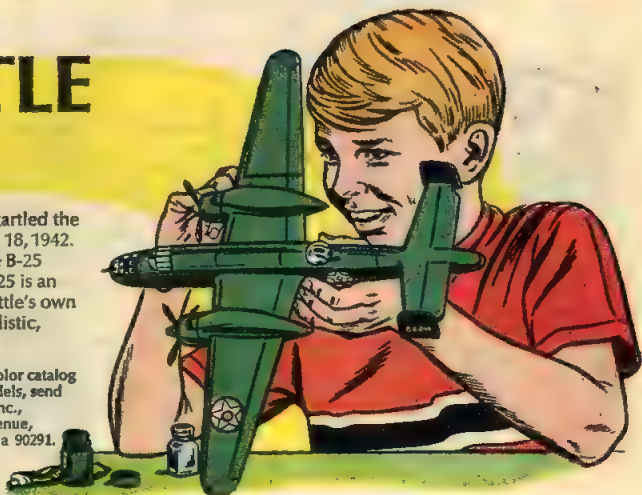
DOOLITTLE RAIDER

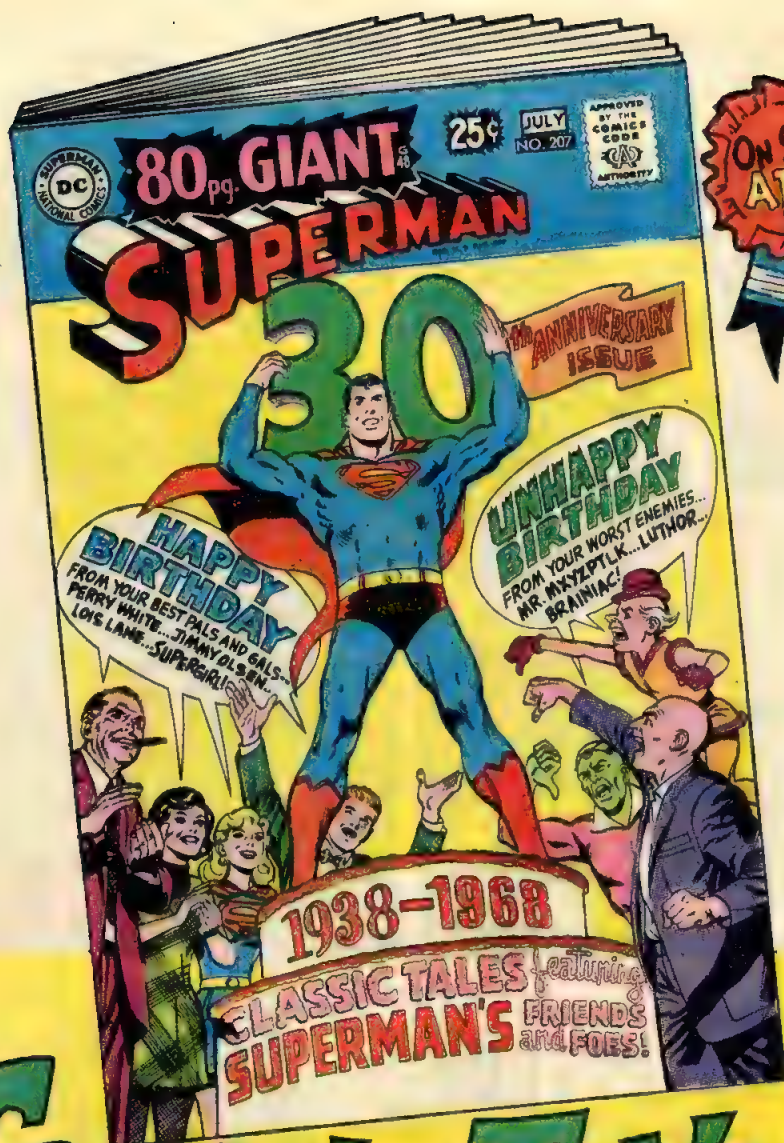
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Model of the Month





**FROM US--TO YOU,
ONLY THE BEST!**

"AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ENTERED THE ATTIC APARTMENT WHERE **YATES** LIVED, I STATIONED MYSELF AT THE SKYLIGHT--TO GET A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ACTION..."

YATES ISN'T IN! WE'LL WAIT--**BATMAN**! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE JUST SEEN A **GHOST**!

LOOK UP AT THAT SKYLIGHT, **ROBIN**-- AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

I DON'T SEE A THING, **BATMAN**! THERE IS NO ONE THERE --

HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOIN' IN MY APARTMENT?

I HAVE A WARRANT TO SEARCH YOUR APARTMENT, **YATES**--FOR THE PAPERS YOU STOLE FROM COMMISSIONER GORDON EARLIER TONIGHT!

WHATTA YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? I'VE BEEN CLEAN EVER SINCE I GOT OUT OF STIR --

BRIINGG

JUST THE SAME I'LL LOOK AROUND AND-- YOU EXPECTING SOMEBODY, **YATES**?

NO! NO!

IT'S PROBABLY A DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN! JUST KEEP STILL AND HE'LL GO AWAY!

"BUT WHEN **ROBIN** DELIBERATELY OPENED THE DOOR..."

NOBODY, HUH? EXCEPT **HARVE PELLEY** AND HIS GANG OF SMUGGLERS!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, **PELLEY**! I CAUGHT **YATES** RED-HANDED WITH THE BLACKMAIL GOODS HE WAS GOING TO SELL TO YOU!

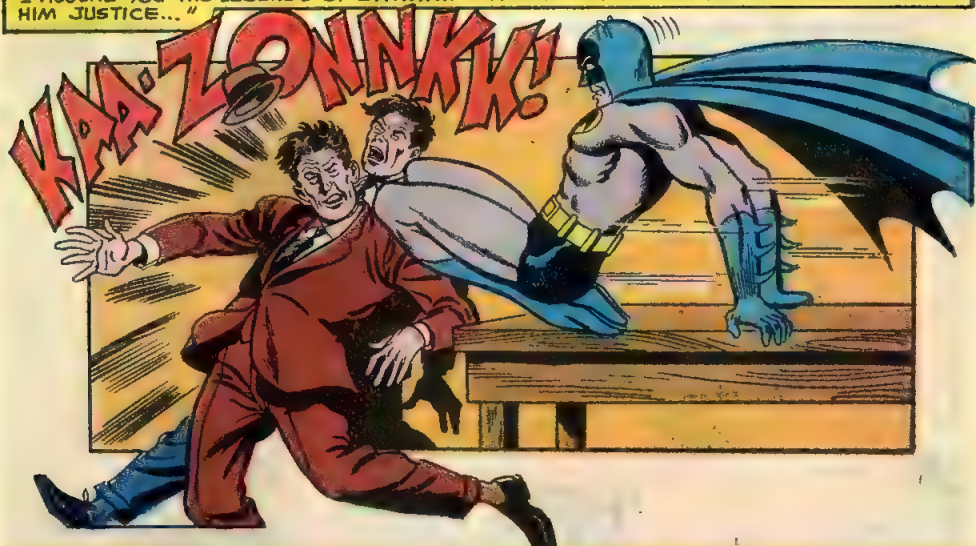
MAYBE MY "BLUFF" WILL MAKE THEM SHOW THEIR REAL HAND!

DON'T LISTEN TO **BATMAN**! HE'S GOT NOthin' AGAINST--

BETCHA A BULLET YOU DON'T TAKE ME IN, **ROBIN**!



"I ASSURE YOU THE LEGENDS OF BATMAN'S FANTASTIC FIGHTING ABILITY HAVEN'T DONE HIM JUSTICE..."



"OUR HERO DIDN'T HAVE IT ALL HIS OWN WAY, HOWEVER--AS HE FOUND HIMSELF ON THE RECEIVING END OF A FURIOUS FIST..."



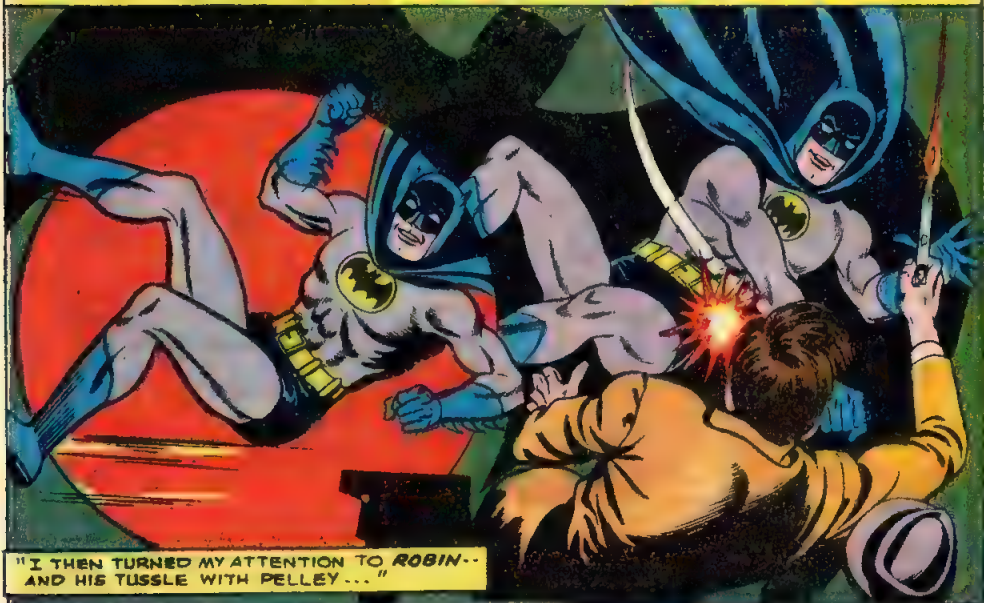
"A SOUNDLESS GASP RIPPED FROM MY THROAT AS A GUN WAS LEVELED AT ITS TARGET..."

POSITION'S EVERYTHIN' IN LIFE, **BATMAN**--

AND YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO STOP ME FROM GUNNING YOU DOWN!



"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN MY FEARS WERE GROUNDFLESS-- FOR IN THE NEXT INSTANT, **BATMAN** DROVE BOTH FEET INTO THE WALL-- TWISTED IN MID-AIR AND..."



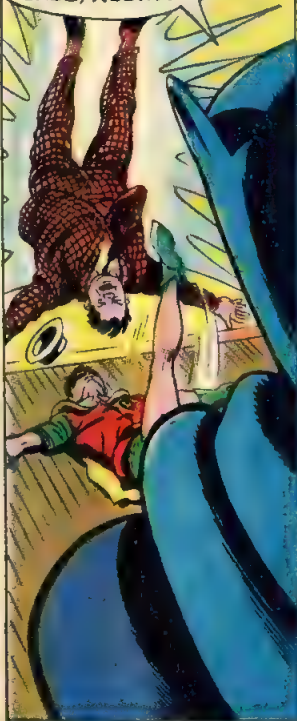
"I THEN TURNED MY ATTENTION TO **ROBIN**-- AND HIS TUSSLE WITH **PELLEY**..."

YOU'RE THROUGH TAKING PEOPLE FOR RIDES-- PUTTING THE BITE ON HELPLESS BUSINESS MEN-- SMUGGLING HOT STUFF OVER THE BORDER!



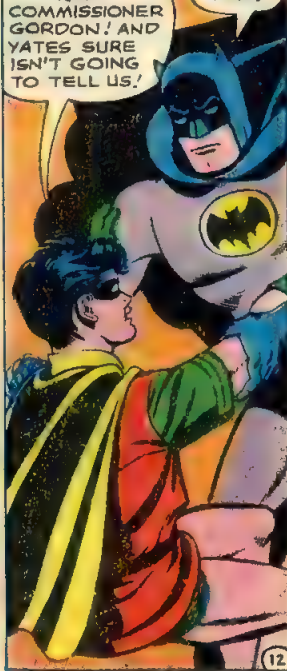
"I'VE REPEATED **ROBIN'S** SPEECH WITHOUT QUITE COMPREHENDING ITS MEANING..."

THAT JUST ABOUT ROUNDS UP THIS CASE, **ROBIN**!



NOT QUITE, **BATMAN**! WE STILL HAVE TO RECOVER THE PAPERS STOLEN FROM COMMISSIONER GORDON! AND YATES SURE ISN'T GOING TO TELL US!

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO! I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!



"HOW COULD BATMAN POSSIBLY KNOW THAT, I WONDERED!"

YATES IS TOO SMART A BLACK-MAILER TO KEEP THE STOLEN EVIDENCE **HERE**-- WHERE THE POLICE OR PELLEY COULD FIND AND TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM!

SURE... HE MUST'VE HID IT IN A SAFE PLACE-- LIKE A RENTAL LOCKER SOMEWHERE IN **GOTHAM CITY**!

CORRECT! SO ALL WE NEED IS THE **KEY** TO THAT LOCKER!

ONCE WE FIND THE KEY TO THE RENTAL LOCKER, IT'LL HAVE THE NUMBER OF THE LOCKER AND ITS LOCATION!

GRANTED-- BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE KEY IS!

WHEN YATES THREW A PUNCH AT ME, I NOTICED SUGAR GRANULES ON HIS FINGERS AND UNDER HIS FINGERNAILS--

HOW'D HE HAVE GOTTEN THOSE SUGAR GRAINS THERE-- UNLESS HE PUSHED SOMETHING-- LIKE A KEY-- DEEP INTO A SUGAR BOWL FOR SAFEKEEPING?

WHAT A **SWEET** HIDING PLACE!

SUGAR

HERE IT IS-- **ACE LOCKER COMPANY**--
3245 7TH AVENUE!

"TIME WAS RAPIDLY RUNNING OUT ON ME AS I STAYED WITH **BATMAN** WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE **BATCAVE**..."

A JOB WELL DONE, **ROBIN**!

FINDING THAT KEY WAS FROSTING ON THE CAKE, **BATMAN**!

"THERE WAS ONE MORE THING I HOPED TO FIND OUT BEFORE I AUTOMATICALLY RETURNED TO MY ERA..."

AS THE **BATMANIAC** TIME-TRAVELER CONCLUDES HIS NARRATIVE ...

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US, **TOMAS**-- DID YOU FIND OUT **BATMAN'S** SECRET IDENTITY?

UNFORTUNATELY, NO-- FOR JUST AS HE WAS REMOVING HIS **BAT-COWL**, I RETURNED TO OUR PRESENT!

EVEN IN THE FAR FUTURE, **BATMAN'S** ALTER EGO REMAINS A SECRET!

IT'S ODD-- BUT FROM TIME TO TIME AS I WATCHED **BATMAN**, I HAD THE UNEASY FEELING THAT HE WAS AWARE OF MY PRESENCE! YET WE KNOW THAT IS SCIENTIFICALLY IMPOSSIBLE...



AND IN THE **BATCAVE** OF 1968...

IT'S ODD, **ROBIN**-- BUT FROM TIME TO TIME I SAW A **GHOSTLY BATMAN** DURING THIS ADVENTURE! SCIENTIFICALLY, I KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...



BUT ACCORDING TO PSYCHIC INVESTIGATORS, THERE HAVE BEEN CASES WHEN A GHOST HAS BEEN CLAIMED TO BE SEEN-- BUT ONLY BY A **DIRECT DESCENDANT!**

BY WHY SHOULD AN ANCESTOR OF YOURS WEAR A **BATMAN** OUTFIT?

BEATS ME, **ROBIN!** THAT'S ONE QUESTION I CAN'T ANSWER!



IT NEVER OCCURRED TO **BATMAN** THAT INSTEAD OF BEING **HAUNTED** BY AN **ANCESTOR** FROM THE **PAST**, HE WAS **HUNTED** BY A **DESCENDANT** FROM THE **FUTURE**-- **TOMAS WAYNE**, CHAIRMAN OF THE **BATMANIACS!**

The END.

**Will our
New
Western
Hero...**



COMING SOON

NOW THE NEW BRAND of HUMOR



BRAND of HUMOR

HOW COME SHE'S READING
SCOOTER
WHEN SHE'S DATING ME!

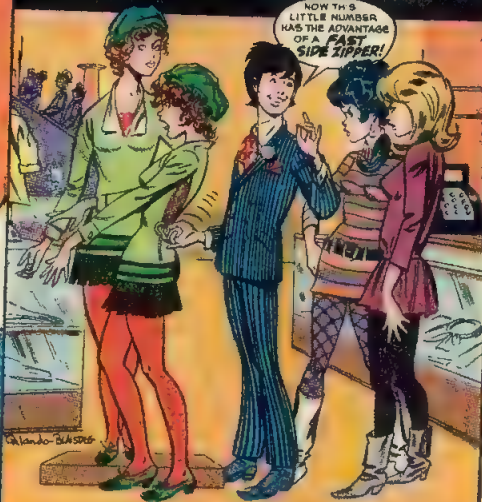


Swing with Scooter

JULY

12

NORTH'S
LITTLE NUMBER
HAS THE ADVANTAGE
OF A
FAST
SIDE ZIPPER!



Walt Disney Studios



Leave it to

Binky



JULY
NO. 61

GAH!

I CAN'T! IT'S MY
DREAM CAMEL!



HOW COME HE'S READING
Binky
WHEN HE'S DATING ME!



FROM THE BEST BRAND OF THEM ALL





Dear Editor:

Oh, no! This is too much!

When I saw the cover of *Detective* 371, with its dramatic scene (notice the sarcasm) showing *Batgirl* contemplating a run in her tights, I was ready to commit *hari-kari*. The only intelligent female to come along in the comics world for ages was obviously about to sink into some exceptional idiocy, to the shame of the female sex. *Horrors!*

"*Batgirl's Costume Cut-Ups*" turned out to be fantastic, instead. Without proving that she is one *dumb cluck* of a *cute chick*, *Batgirl* managed to have one heck of an hilarious adventure! Thank goodness!

And incidentally, thank Gil Kane and Sid Greene for the ridiculous expressions on five men's faces on page 14, panel 4. Too much!

—Irene Vartanoff, Bethesda, Md.

(Ladies first—so we're letting them have first critical crack at "*Batgirl's Costume Cut-Ups*!") And strictly in self-defense, we're leading off with the "pro" views of femmefan Irene Vartanoff—to counter-balance the two "cons" that follow.—Editor)

Dear Editor:

"*Batgirl's Costume Cut-Ups*" was the perfect story to commemorate the anniversary of *Batgirl's* first appearance in *Detective Comics*, January 1966. It was terrible!

The first instance in which *Batgirl's* "feminine instincts" betrayed her (when her mask was twisted and she straightened it) was understandable. The twisted mask could have impaired her vision. But GOOD GRIEF! A girl who wants to be a crime-fighter doesn't go around screaming when she sees someone in danger; she does something about it! The whole story seemed to have stepped straight from the *Batman*-TV show, camp and all.

The finale was really a humdinger. Holy cheese-cake! I have good-looking legs too, but I'm darn sure that a gang of crooks mixed up in a fight with *Batman* and *Robin* wouldn't stop in the midst of all that *Klop* and *Zetz* (?) just to look at them!

—Mary Ann Held, Lodi, N.J.

Dear Editor:

You are unfair, unjust, biased, prejudiced, and downright woman-hating! If "*Batgirl's Costume Cut-Ups*" wasn't a direct "cut" at us girls, I'm *Light Lass*! Who does author Fox think he is—a female psychologist? If so, I'd like to set him straight on all points.

First and foremost, we women do *not* have natural reactions to certain situations that cause us to act in a childish, vain manner. We no more enjoy scrubbing ourselves clean than the males do. Surely, we screech upon occasion, but men aren't inclined to maintain silent vocal chords during tense situations either. Get the point? We're just as unpredictable as you are, and we have no particular traits to distinguish our sex from yours. Print this, you anti-feminists!

—Selina Zane, Phoenixville, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I thoroughly enjoyed the *Batgirl* yarn in *Detective* 371. However, there is one point I would like to clear up.

Batgirl cannot possibly have good "gams", because to perform her countless acrobatic stunts, she must keep in shape, one way or another. This means a lot of exercise, which, inevitably, will put more muscle on her legs, thus increasing their size. A good example of this is Miss Juliet Prowse, whose dancing involves exercise. Nobody can tell me she has good legs (sorry, Julie, baby)! Zo, either *Batgirl* has been neglecting her roadwork, or the members of the *Sports Spoilers* gang simply are not versed in the virtues of the shapely leg!

—Mike Atroy, Madison, Wis.

(Sorry, Mike, kiddo—but the legs of Juliet Prowse are regarded as among the most sensational in *Show Biz* and otherwise. All of which leaves you without a leg to stand on!—Editor)

Dear Editor:

Although based on a rather flimsy premise, "*Batgirl's Costume Cut-Ups*" was executed brilliantly, making it a pleasure to read. Leave it to DC to tell a story which does not involve some master criminal, but a girl's concern over her appearance! This makes all your characters seem more human than any your competitors have turned out.

Also seen in this fine story were *Batman's* disguise abilities; a glimpse into the personal life of *Bruce Wayne*; and the capture of an interesting group of criminals who suited the story perfectly. *Batman's* make-up talents have not been shown in quite a while, so it was good to see them being used again. This is one of the main abilities of a good detective, and since *Batman* is nothing more than a great detective in costume, he should use these talents more often.

The *Elongated Man* selection, "The Bellringer and the Baffling Gongs," was a welcome addition to this already-fine magazine. Even though it was not the best adventure Ralph Dibny had, it was enjoyable nevertheless. My main gripes are that there were few clues to allow the reader to guess the possible solution to the mystery, and the fact that it was only eight pages long, allowing only enough room for a good fight, and two pages of mirth in which Sue Dibny attempts to find out what caused the mystery about which *EM's* nose is twitching. Outside of this, the story was excellent, as all *Elongated Man* stories are.

Mike Sekowsky and Sid Greene did a better job on this story than they do on their *JLA* yarns. There were very few stiff or badly-proportioned figures, and most of the characters looked realistic. Sekowsky has a great deal of trouble achieving this effect in most cases, but I'm happy to report he did one of his finest jobs to date in this story.

—Jeff Pierce, Stanford, Cal.

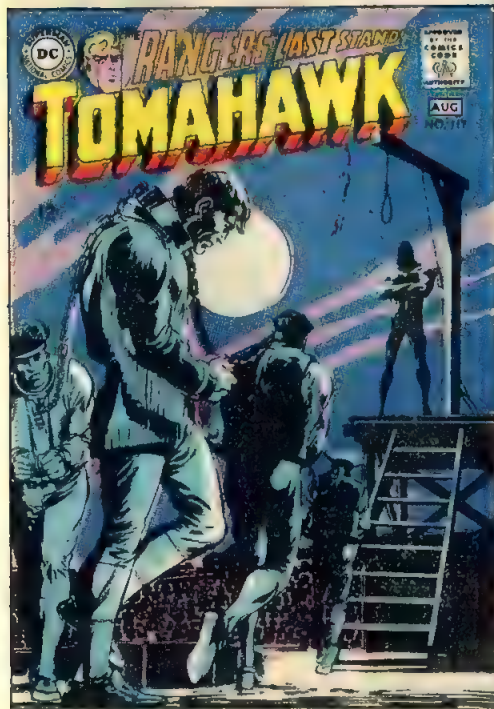
(And how does the Sekowsky-Roussos team shape up on *Elongated Man*? Let's know, y'all!—Editor)

Address communications to **BATMAN'S HOT-LINE**, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y., 10022.

DIRECT CURRENTS

Well, here it is time for another look at what the future holds in the DC line. But first, we want to extend a big thank-you to every reader who has sent an idea to CAP'S HOBBY HINTS. The suggestions pour in by the carload . . . too many to acknowledge each one personally. If your idea wasn't used, chances are someone beat you to it, and it had already been printed earlier. But that doesn't mean you can't try again. It's you readers who supply the material that has made this feature such a smashing success. So we hereby give you three big cheers . . . RAH! RAH! RAH! And now . . . to the previews . . .

SGT. ROCK teams up with the kid guerrillas of **UNIT 3** . . . in one of the most dramatic, hair-raising exploits of **WORLD WAR III EASY COMPANY'S** top-kick and the French teen-age underground fighters run into perils that could easily mean death for any or all of them! "IT'S A DEAD TOWN"—that's the title of this epic in the July **OUR ARMY AT WAR**, No. 195, which hits the stands May 2! If you haven't met **UNIT 3**, do it now! You'll never forget 'em!



What? The rip-roarin' **RANGERS** captured? Are we putting you on? Nix, no, and we kid you not! It actually happens, and the common bond now linking **TOMAHAWK** and his men is a length of chain that won't be removed till they meet their prearranged fate—a grim line of **GALLOWS**! Yes, that's the final site of "THE **RANGERS' LAST STAND**," coming up in the **August** issue, No. 117, on sale May 2! If you like frontier fights . . . action in early America . . . get this one!

What a team-up! **WONDER WOMAN** and **SUPERGIRL** join hands in a wild adventure that's literally out of this world—and you know how far-out these fighting femmes can get! But this time, instead of tackling vile villains and assorted evildoers, they wind up battling **EACH OTHER**! That's right . . . **AMAZING AMAZON** versus **MAID OF MIGHT** in a duel to the death! You won't want to miss this epic encounter, in the **August** issue, No. 177, on the newsstands May 2!

MERA is kidnapped, and her husband, the **KING OF THE SEVEN SEAS**, sets out, in this, the **FIRST** of a new series of **AQUAMAN** adventures, to find his missing wife and **DESTROY** her abductors! His quest of vengeance takes him to a strange and eerie civilization on the ocean's floor, where he encounters "THE **SORCERERS OF THE SEA**!" If you like to be where the action is, better latch onto the **August** issue, No. 40, when it goes on sale—May 2!

STORY
BY
GARDNER
FOX

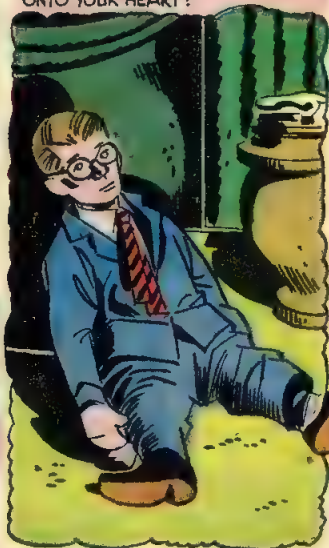
The ELONGATED Man

ART BY
MIKE SEKOWSKY
&
GEORGE ROUSSOS

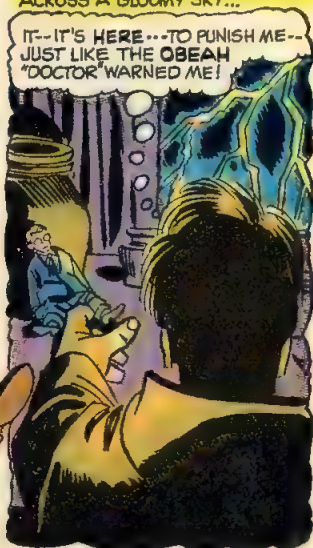
"THIS IS YOU, MARTY DILLINGHAM—
HUNCHED OVER WITH FRIGHT,
PARALYZED BY FEAR OF THE SUPER-
NATURAL!...."



"AND THIS TOO, IS YOU--THIS DOLL
OF HAIR AND WAX AND FINGERNAIL
CLIPPINGS, THIS OBEAH FETISH
FROM THE DARK JUNGLES OF HAITI,
THAT CASTS ITS OMINOUS SHADOW
ONTO YOUR HEART!"



"YOU DISCOVERED THE OBEAH
DOLL IN YOUR BEDROOM TWO
NIGHTS AGO, AS THUNDER ROLLED
OVERHEAD AND LIGHTNING
SCRATCHED A YELLOW WEB
ACROSS A GLOOMY SKY..."



"YOU RECALLED THAT SOME WEEKS BEFORE IN
HAITI, YOU BROKE A NATIVE TABOO WHILE GATHERING
OBJETS 'D'ART FOR YOUR COLLECTION..."

IT WAS FORBIDDEN TO TAKE THE SACRED RADA
DRUMS---AND THE BARON SAMEDI CROSS! BUT
I HAD TO HAVE THEM-- NO MATTER WHAT! --



NOW WHATEVER HAPPENS TO
THE DOLL IS SUPPOSED TO
HAPPEN TO ME!

BAH! WHAT AM I
WORRIED ABOUT?
THAT'S NOTHING
BUT SUPERSTITIOUS
NONSENSE!



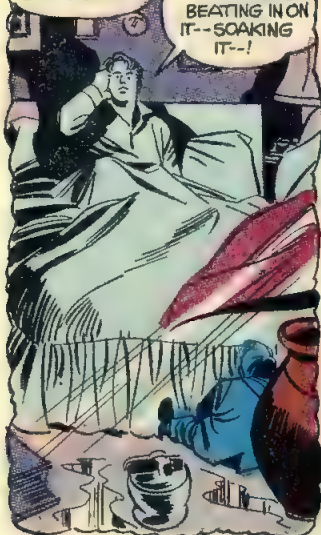
"YET THAT VERY NIGHT, MARTY DILLINGHAM, YOU
WERE TO SUFFER THE FIRST PANGS OF PANIC
FROM --"

"The Demon-DOLL DOOM!"

"THE STORM THAT THREATENED ALL NIGHT LONG FINALLY BROKE IN A DOWNPOUR OF DRIVING RAIN AND HOWLING WINDS! YOU SNAPPED AWAKE FROM A NIGHTMARISH DREAM..."

"I'M DRENCHED-- MY PAJAMAS, SOPPING WET!"

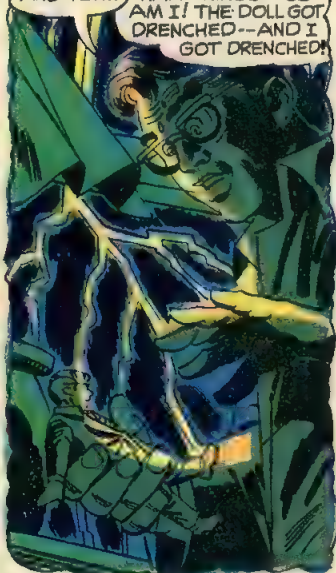
"UHHN: THE OBEAH DOLL! THE RAIN'S BEATING IN ON IT--SOAKING IT--!"



"YOU STAGGERED OUT OF BED, GRASPED YOUR WAXEN ALTER EGO..."

"THIS CAN'T BE! AND YET... AND YET..."

"ACCORDING TO VOODOO LORE, WHEN THE DOLL IS AFFECTED BY EXTERNAL HAPPENINGS--SO AM I! THE DOLL GOT DRENCHED--AND I GOT DRENCHED!"



"I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME--"

"BUT---BUT I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE PROOF!"



"THEN AS A FURTHER TEST-- YOU PINCHED THE DOLL'S ARM HARD! AND PROMPTLY SCREAMED IN SUDDEN AGONY..."

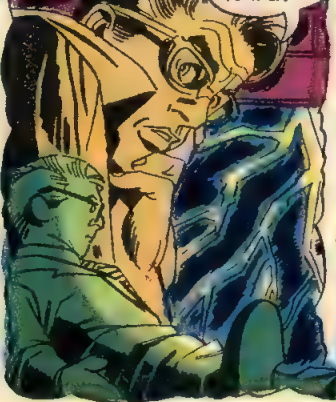
"AAAAAGHHH!"



"EYES WIDE WITH SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD, YOU STARED DOWN AT THIS TINY IMAGE OF YOU! THIS WAS YOUR OTHER SELF, A PSYCHIC PROJECTION OF YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD..."

"WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? IF ANY DANGER SHOULD THREATEN ME, I CAN SEE AND AVOID IT!"

"BUT SUPPOSE IN MY ABSENCE SOMETHING TERRIBLE WERE TO HAPPEN TO THE DOLL? THE SAME THING WOULD HAPPEN TO ME!"



"STUMBLING AND SHAKING, YOU WENT DOWNSTAIRS..."

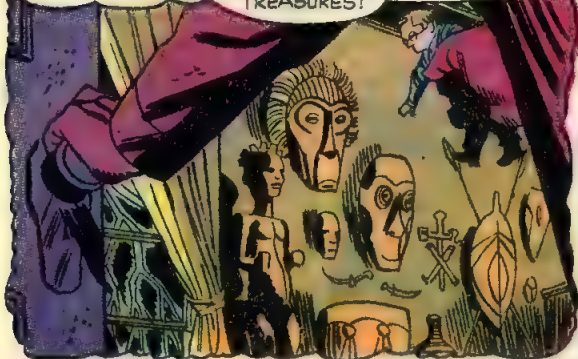
"GOT TO PUT IT--IN A SAFE PLACE--WHERE NO HARM CAN COME TO IT OR ME!"



"LIGHTNING ILLUMINATED YOUR TROPHY ROOM, FILLED WITH THE ARTIFACTS GATHERED OVER A LIFETIME OF COLLECTING ACROSS THE EARTH..."

THE SAFEST HIDING PLACE...

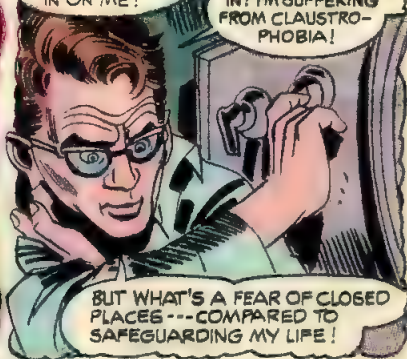
...THE CAMOUFLAGED SAFE WHERE I KEEP MY MOST VALUABLE TREASURES!



"YET, AS THE SAFE DOOR CLOSED..."

I GASP!! FEELS LIKE I'M SUFFOCATING-- AS IF THIS ROOM WERE CLOSING IN ON ME!

OF COURSE! THE OBEAH DOLL IS SHUT IN-- SO I FEEL SHUT IN! I'M SUFFERING FROM CLAUSTRO-PHOBIA!



BUT WHAT'S A FEAR OF CLOSED PLACES --- COMPARED TO SAFEGUARDING MY LIFE!

"THE NEXT DAY, YOU READ AN ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPERS, AND A RAY OF HOPE PERCEDED YOUR HEART..."

RALPH DIBNY'S IN TOWN! HE MAKES A SPECIALTY OF SOLVING STRANGE MYSTERIES --

AND THIS ONE IS RIGHT UP HIS ALLEY!



I'VE JUST RETOLD YOUR STORY AS YOU TOLD IT TO ME, MARTY DILLINGHAM!

NOW--LET ME TELL YOU! YOU'RE A VICTIM OF SELF-SUGGESTION! WHEN YOU WOKE UP DRENCHED--IT WAS CAUSED BY THE WIND-SWEPT RAIN FALLING IN ON YOU THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW!

WHEN YOU PINCHED THE DOLL'S ARM--IT WAS YOUR BURSTITIS ACTING UP AGAIN!



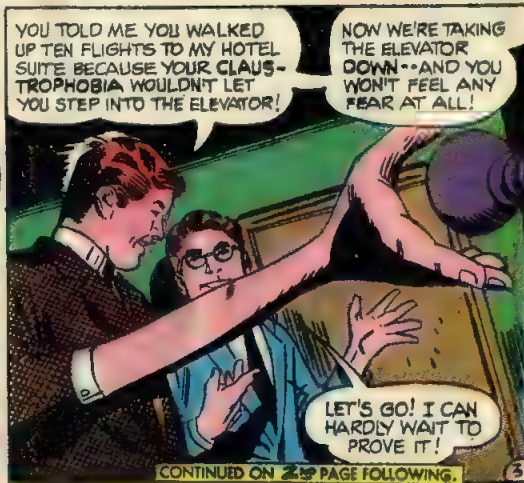
YOU SIMPLY HYPNOTIZED YOURSELF INTO SWALLOWING THAT OBEAH NONSENSE! IT'S BECOME PSYCHOSOMATIC WITH YOU--SO THAT YOUR MIND COMPELS YOUR BODY TO FEEL ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO THAT DOLL!

RALPH DIBNY--MY OLD COLLEGE BUDDY! I KNEW YOU COULD HELP ME!

JUST LISTENING TO YOUR CALM, SENSIBLE VOICE HAS MADE ME REALIZE WHAT A "FALL GUY" I'VE BEEN!

YOU TOLD ME YOU WALKED UP TEN FLIGHTS TO MY HOTEL SUITE BECAUSE YOUR CLAUSTROPHOBIA WOULDN'T LET YOU STEP INTO THE ELEVATOR!

NOW WE'RE TAKING THE ELEVATOR DOWN--AND YOU WON'T FEEL ANY FEAR AT ALL!

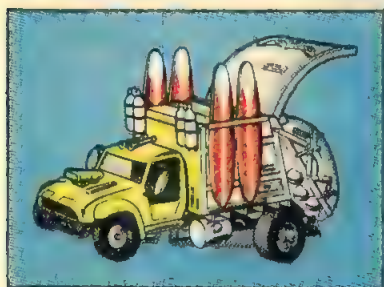


LET'S GO! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO PROVE IT!

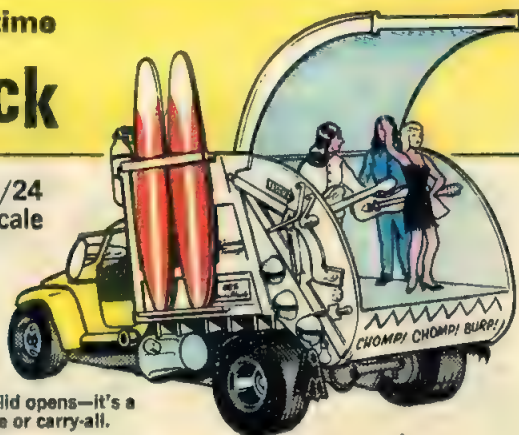
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Have Fun...Get a Showtime

Garbage Truck



1/24
Scale



The lid opens—it's a stage or carry-all.

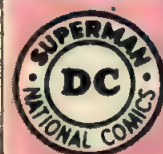
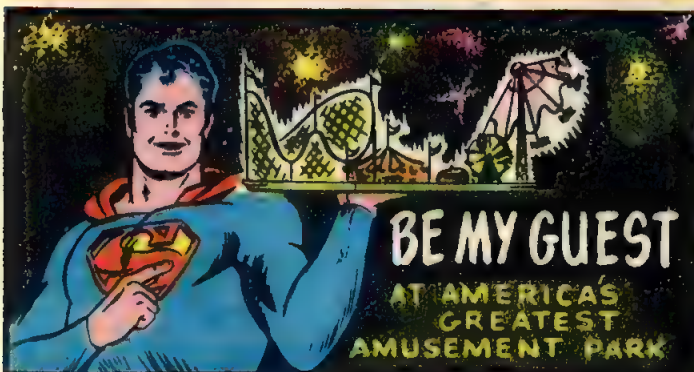
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Kit features wide body with closing lid, bucket seats, Mag wheels, wide dragway slicks, garbage can gas tank, four surfboards in racks, skin diving tanks, helmets and flippers. Lots of chrome and decals.

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CAROUSEL

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE DESCENDING ELEVATOR...

I FEEL AS IF I'D JUST COME OUT OF A TOMB! I'VE NEVER FELT FREER!

THANKS AGAIN FOR SETTING ME STRAIGHT, RALPH!

YOU'RE NOT LEAVING MY SIDE, MARTY--NOT TILL YOU SHOW ME THAT DOLL---AND THE CAUSE OF ALL YOUR FORMER FEARS!

SOON, IN THE GREAT TROPHY ROOM OF THE DILLINGHAM MANSION...

RALPH--LOOK! SOMEBODY BROKE IN AND STRIPPED THE SAFE CLEAN! MY MOST VALUABLE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS GONE!

INCLUDING THE OBEAH DOLL!

Y-YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS? YOU DIDN'T CURE ME AFTER ALL!

I DIDN'T FEEL ANY CLAUSTROPHOBIA IN THE ELEVATOR BECAUSE THE DOLL WAS OUT OF THE SAFE AT THE TIME!

TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE---SUPPOSE THOSE CROOKS GET THE NOTION TO DESTROY THE DOLL! I'LL DIE TOO!

WHY'D THIS HAPPEN TO ME? WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE HAPPENED TO HARRY HANSON...MY FOREMOST RIVAL COLLECTOR?

EASY, MARTY--- EASY!! I'M GOING TO CALL A DOCTOR, HAVE HIM PUT YOU UNDER SEDATION!

THEN I'M GOING TO TRACK DOWN THOSE CROOKS AND GET YOUR DOLL BACK!

B-BUT HOW WILL YOU FIND THEM? DID THEY LEAVE ANY CLUES HERE?

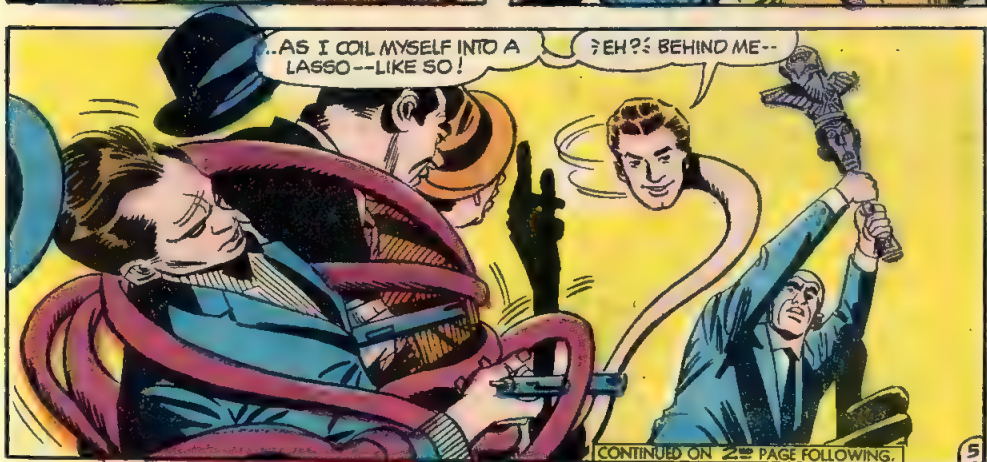
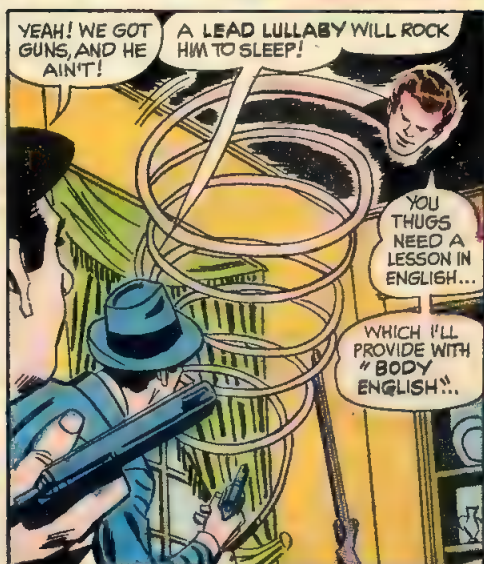
NOT A ONE, MARTY--- BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE ELONGATED MAN!

SHORTLY, CHANGING INTO HIS WORKING CLOTHES, THE STRETCHABLE SLEUTH STRIDES ACROSS TOWN...

I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THAT DOLL--A THEORY WHICH I'M GOING TO PUT TO THE TEST RIGHT NOW!

IF I'M RIGHT---I OUGHT TO BE LOOKING IN ON THOSE CROOKS IN A FEW MINUTES!

AND THOSE FEW MINUTES LATER, IN A LARGE MANSION IN AN EXCLUSIVE RESIDENTIAL AREA OF THE CITY...



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

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AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY CAN ALSO BE USED TO HOLD NOTES TO METAL SURFACES, SERVE AS MARKERS ETC.... AND OF COURSE, THEY STICK TO EACH OTHER--!

ORDER YOURS NOW WHILE THEY LAST!
THEY ARE SO MUCH FUN--THEY ARE SO USEFUL
YOU--AND EVERYONE--WILL LOVE THEM!

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BOX 397-- ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N.Y.
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1 SET ONLY 79¢ 3 SETS ONLY 129¢
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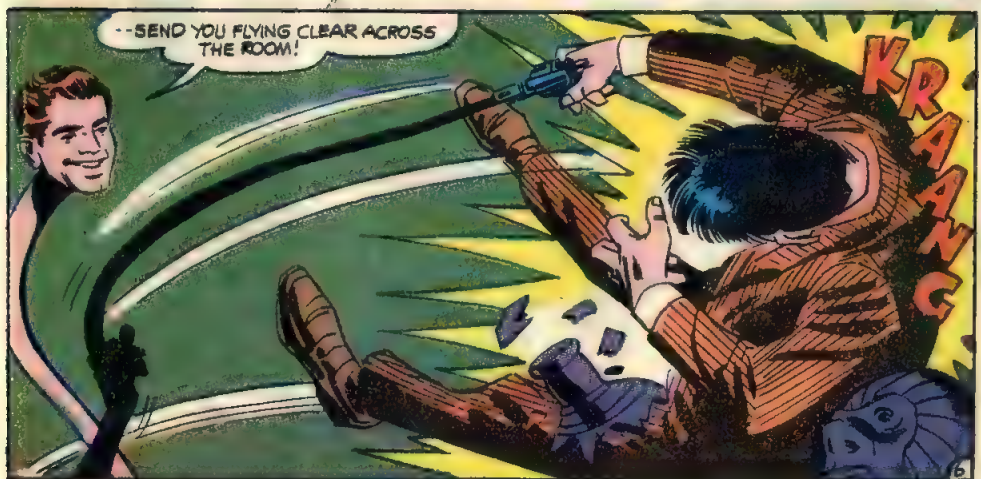
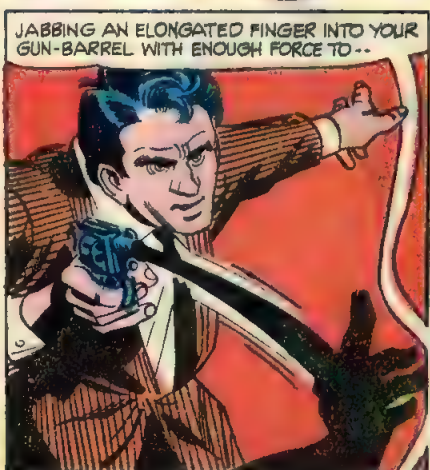
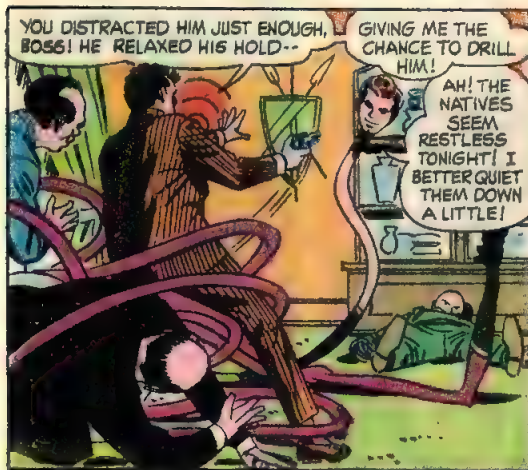
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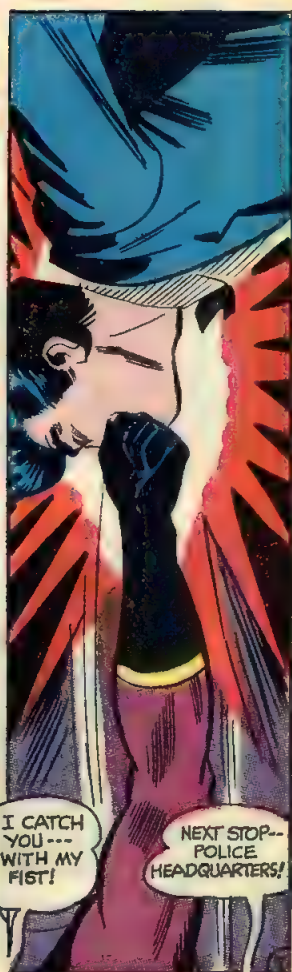
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LATER, IN THE DILLINGHAM HOME...

RALPH--YOU GOT IT BACK!
I'M SAFE! I'M SAFE!

YOU'VE BEEN SAFE ALL ALONG,
MARTY! TO PROVE IT--

I'M GOING TO DESTROY THIS
DEMON-DOLL RIGHT BEFORE
YOUR EYES!

NO! NO! YOU'LL
DESTROY ME
TOO!

GIVE IT TO
ME--PLEASE!

SORRY, MARTY--
THIS DOLL HAS
GOT TO GO!

KKRUNCH

I---I'M DOOMED!

YOU DON'T LOOK IN
BAD SHAPE TO ME,
MARTY!

TELL ME---YOU FEEL
ANY BROKEN RIBS, LIMP
ARMS, SORE NECK,
ACHING FEET?

I---I--
GUESS
NOT!

WELL, IF THAT DOLL COULD REALLY
AFFECT YOU---YOU'D HAVE BEEN
DEAD BEFORE I GOT BACK!

THE DOLL I JUST DESTROYED
BEFORE YOUR EYES WASN'T
THE REAL OBEAH ONE--JUST
A DUPLICATE I HAD MADE
UP FOR ME!

HERE'S THE
REAL ONE--
WHICH I KEPT
HIDDEN
UNDER MY
UNIFORM!

IT WAS SMASHED WHILE I WAS FIGHTING HARRY HANSON AND THE THUGS HE HIRED TO LOOT YOUR SAFE!

HARRY HANSON -- THE RIVAL COLLECTOR? I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE OBEAH DOLL CURSE...

BY BUGGING THE DOLL, HE WAS ABLE TO LOCATE THE SAFE AND TELL HIS HIRED HOODS WHERE TO PULL OFF THE ROBBERY!

THEN IF THE OBEAH DOLL WAS SMASHED A WHILE AGO--WITHOUT ME SUFFERING ANY DISASTROUS EFFECTS...

I'M CURED-- JUST AS YOU SAID ALL ALONG!

WHICH TRIGGERED THE IDEA TO HAVE HIM PLANT THIS DOLL IN YOUR HOUSE--NOT TO MAKE YOU AFRAID OF IT--BUT BECAUSE HE FIGURED YOU'D PUT IT IN YOUR SECRET SAFE ALONG WITH YOUR OTHER SPECIAL TREASURES---WHICH HE WANTED TO ADD TO HIS COLLECTION!

9

The End

Who are ^{and the} They?

What are ^{and the} they?

ANGEL ^{AND THE} APE!

BATMAN'S HOT-LINE--EXTRA

Dear Editor:

I (egotistical way to begin a letter, natch) recently made fandom history when I proved that the editor of a late, great, American (ahem!) comic company had written all of the stories for this company and that all of the credited writers were naught but pseudonyms. This is my fourth such revelation and I'm out for a fifth. So settle back—I shall now attempt to prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Gardner Fox and John Broome are one and the same.

Our first piece of evidence may be found at any paperback book shop. A list of writer's pseudonyms gives Gardner Fox's pen name as John Brunner. (Note similarity!) Checking one of the mysterious Mr. Brunner's books, we find a capsule biography which says that Brunner lives in Paris with his family and that he commutes to the U.S. of A. to do his writing. Now, John Broome is supposed to live in gay Paree and do likewise. This also sounds like a very good excuse for the fact that no comic mag fan has ever seen Mr. Broome, to my knowledge. When someone asks to meet Broome, editor Schwartz can merely stuff it off by saying "Oh, he's in Paris!" And who'll bother to check? Furthermore, Mr. Broome writes a fairly small number of stories for D.C. and by my failible calculations, his salary shouldn't be able to support such "high" jet-set living. And if he has some other source of income, I'm sure fandom would have weeded it out by now. We're very alert where money's concerned.

Furthermore, Mr. Fox likes to sneak friend's names into his scripts. (And so does Broome) Several Broome-written characters have been named Gardner (Guy Gardner in *Green Lantern* and Gardner Grayle in the *Atomic Knights*) which proves nothing, but is still interesting. Then there's that sketch of Broome in *Detective* no. 343. He looks (And boy—will I regret this if I'm wrong!) like the typical poet-writer stereotype—the type of guy who Infantino would draw if ye editor told him to just draw any old face—which I think he did.

Next, as all of us fans who have spent endless (And, I believe, futile) hours guessing who wrote certain stories—Fox or Broome—know, the two writers in question have very similar styles which I merely attributed to a strong editorial hand. But recently, I spoke to Ray Bradbury who told me a piece about ye editor and caused me to wonder about what ye ed does to his writer's scripts!

There is my evidence. If I'm right, it'll be the biggest joke on fandom since the *Inferior Five*. If I'm wrong, I'll leave the country... or something!

—Mark Evanier, Los Angeles, Cal.

(Your passport's waiting, Mike! John Broome and Gardner Fox are no more "one and the same" then are ye editor and Stan Lee—and you know the utter impossibility of that!—Editor)

Dear Editor:

I wish to convey a possible solution to the dilemma of Dwight Swanson, which you presented to us in *Detective Comics* #371.

Dear Dwight:

I don't know just how you're arranging your collection so that it can't hold any new books you get, but I'd like to tell you how I work out my collection. I have about 2000 comics. I don't worry about having them in alphabetical order—there is no practical way to arrange and re-arrange shelves, and I just arrange the magazines according to which titles I like best. I have six shelves, and I can fit five stacks on each, each stack being a dif-

ferent title.

I am continually buying old mags as well as new, to fill up the gaps in my collection (and believe me, there are many). But it used to be hard to remember which issues I had, and which I didn't have. So I thought of this: I have now a complete index, on which is recorded every mag I own! The pages are typed out. You see, at the head of the paper, I put the title of the issue. Then below that I start to list every issue printed under that title. Starting off the page, I put this—ISSUE #1.—and under that, two, three, and on. The line I leave behind each number is for the issues I have. If I buy a new issue, or an old one I missed a few years back, I put the paper in the typewriter and put two X's on the appropriate lines. That signifies that that issue is in my collection. Each page lists one hundred magazines, five columns, twenty magazines listed in each. Many times I've had to print whole pages on which not one space was marked. Like *Detective Comics*—page one and two, listing issues one through 200, show not one magazine in there is in my collection. But I typed it up, anyway. Sometime, I'll get one of those old mags, then I'll mark it up. Till then, those pages, like a lot of others, lie in the index serving no purpose. Every time I open the index to mark a magazine, I look at the rows and rows of empty spaces. Each time I see them, I promise myself again that I'll get those issues, some day. And I will!

But for now, the index is very helpful. I was able to get hold of typing paper, which was a break. Now I have all the pages in a folder—NOW is where the alphabetical order comes in. It's a lot easier arranging a folder of papers than 2000 comics. I find this system to be very efficient. I thought of it three years ago, and it hasn't failed me yet. You really ought to try it. One thing, though—if you don't know how to type, LEARN!

—Gary Skinner, Columbus, O.

Dear Editor:

You have received and published many letters asking for the return of the "old look". True, even in the "new look" mysteries a trace of senseless humor has shown up. I'll take as an example absolutely the most suspense-filled thriller, "Round-Robin Death Threats" and its sequel. Readers wrote it and happily said that "campiness" has been abandoned. It hadn't. Every story since the TV show has been affected. Gasp all you want. It's the truth.

For one thing, do you consider a remark like, "... A good education is something not even the cleverest criminal can't take away from you!" Or, "Oh, *Batman*... you make it look so easy" the acclaimed absence of camp? I certainly don't.

Maybe a *newer* new look might be the answer. Early new look reality and old look mystery. Emphasize the fact that *Batman* is emotionally insane. I think he is! If driven, he might beat a villain to death. He was, at a very young age, an eyewitness to his parent's brutal murder. I like to think that this warped his mind. As witnessed before, *Batman* spares no punishment against thugs, especially murderers. Let's keep him that way.

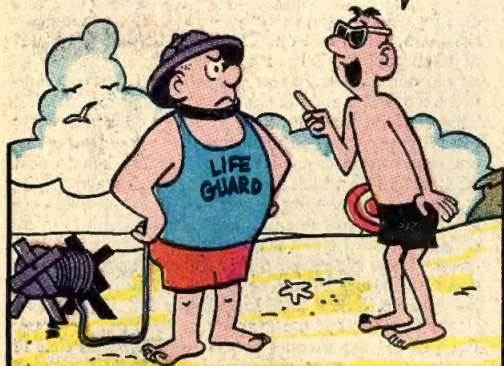
—Clement Robins, Sheffield, Mass.

(So—not only shouldn't the stories pull any punches, but neither should *Batman*!—Editor)

Address communications to BATMAN'S HOT-LINE—EXTRA, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y., 10022.

STRANGE LAWS

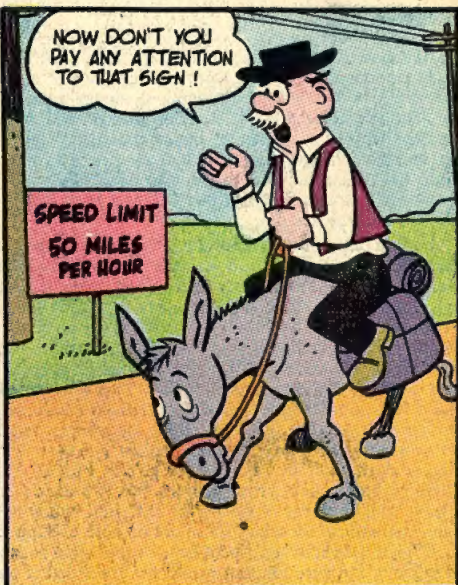
HERE, ROVER!
NICE DOGGIE
!



GEORGIA: "A LIFEGUARD MUST WEAR A BRIGHT RED BATHING SUIT WITH HARNESS ATTACHED TO 200 FOOT LONG LIFE LINE."

NOW DON'T YOU
PAY ANY ATTENTION
TO THAT SIGN!

SPEED LIMIT
50 MILES
PER HOUR



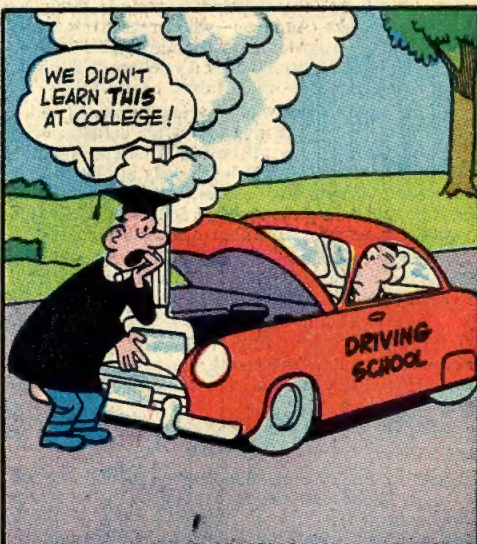
OHIO: "IT IS ILLEGAL TO RIDE A MULE AT A SPEED OF MORE THAN SIX MILES AN HOUR."

HE'S MY PET! AND
THE LAW SAYS NOTHING
ABOUT TIGERS!



ALDERSON, W. VA: "AN ORDINANCE STATES NO LIONS SHALL BE ALLOWED TO RUN WILD ON THE STREETS OF THIS CITY."

WE DIDN'T
LEARN THIS
AT COLLEGE!



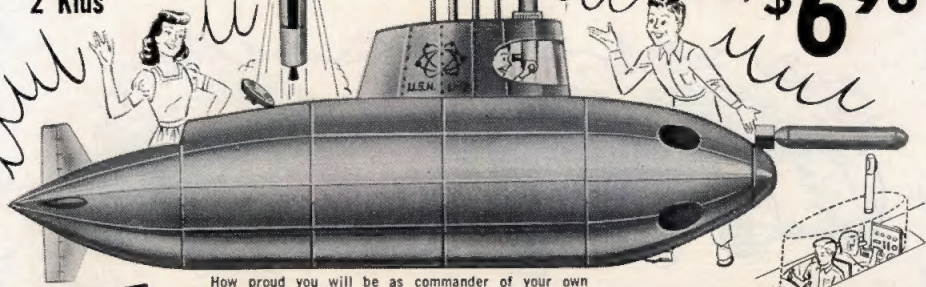
WASHINGTON, D.C.: "A DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS IS REQUIRED OF ALL DRIVING INSTRUCTORS."

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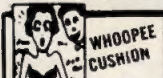
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watch the fun when
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A scream at parties
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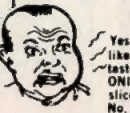
THROW YOUR VOICE



Throw your voice
into trunks,
behind doors,
everywhere.

Instrument fits
in your mouth
and out of sight.
Fool teacher,
friends and
family. Free book
on "How to
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Ventriquist." 25c
No. 137

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like real chewing gum but
tastes like
ONIONS! Its too funny! 12
slices to a pack.
No. 281 20c

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comes this handcrafted weather
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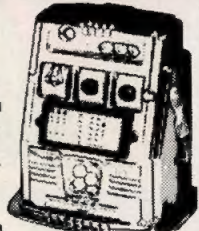
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A Dime-operating
Jack Pot Bank that
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Reels spin and look
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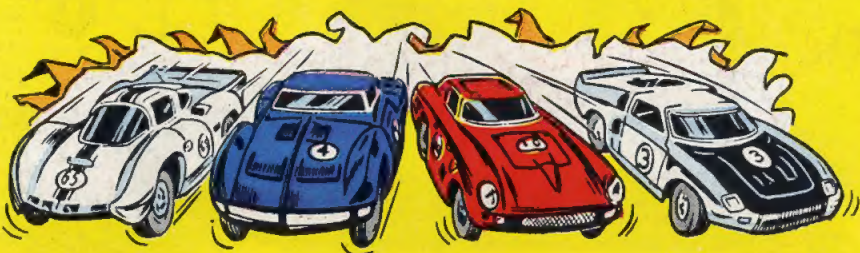
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Address _____

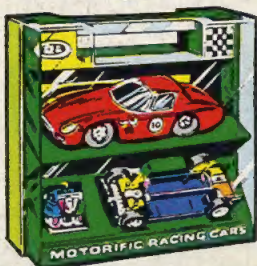
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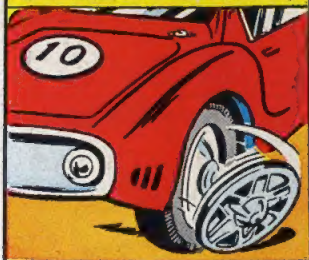


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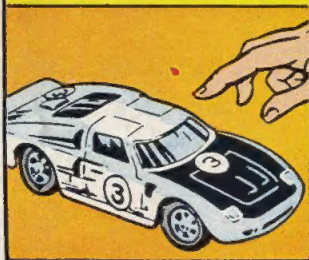
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FERRARI BURN UP THE
STRAIGHTAWAY!

BUT MY
CHAPARRAL'S GONNA
TAKE YOU ON THE NEXT
TURN!



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